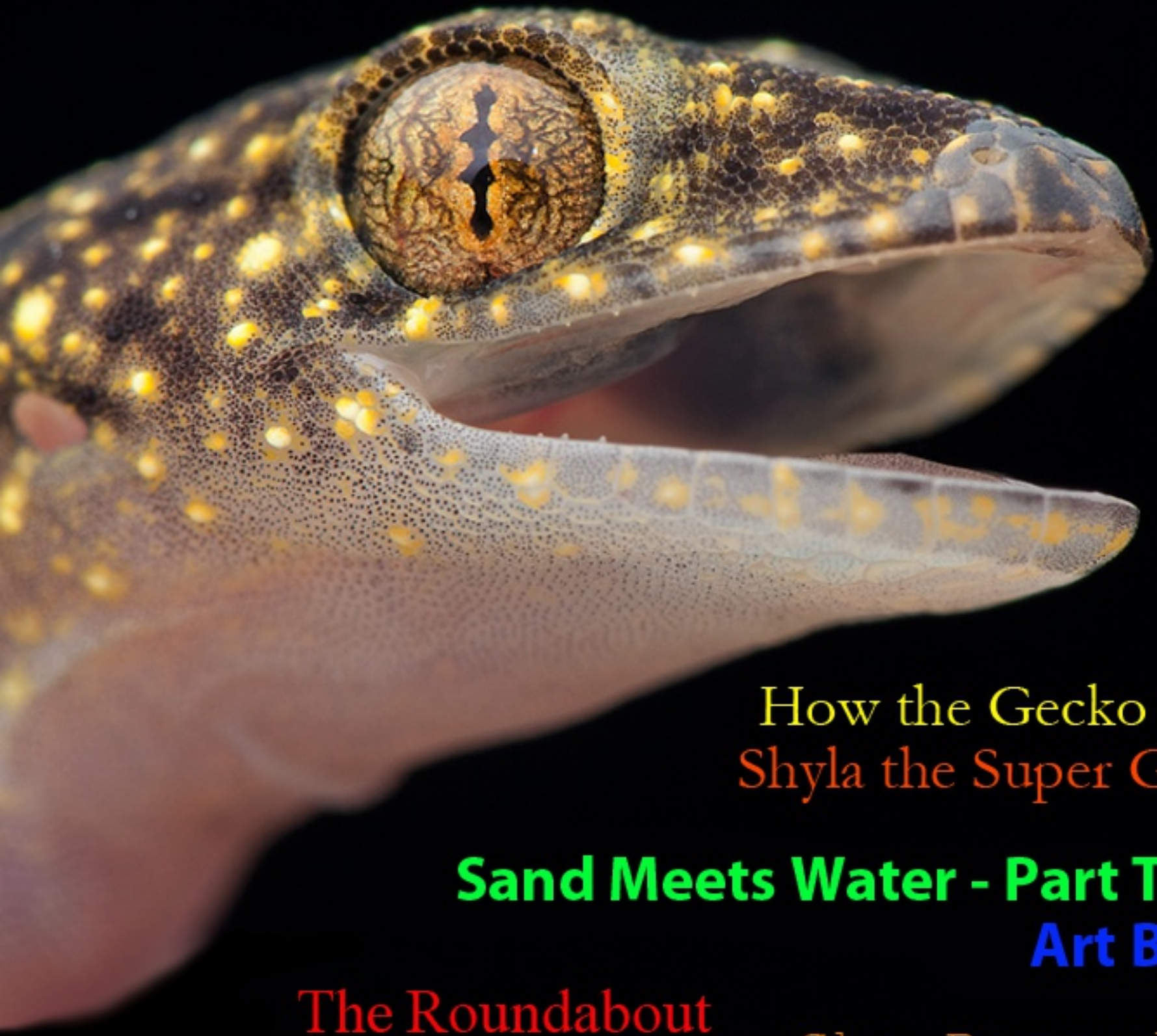


The Virtual Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

february 2018



How the Gecko Died
Shyla the Super Gecko

Sand Meets Water - Part Two
Art Blue

The Roundabout
Aorist Chunes

She Rezzed #6
Wu

POETRY: Juliesse/DJ Writer/Chunes

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- **How the Gecko Died** One of our most gifted poets, Shyla the Super Gecko, brings us the most amazing parable you'll ever read.
- **Sand Meets Water (Part Two)** Art Blue is up to old tricks again, taking us in and out of alternate realities as only he can.
- **Peeps for Leep** We introduce one of Cat Boccaccio's favorite characters in a charming story with a surprising ending.
- **Fracas** We're honored to include a remarkable poem by Aorist Chunes - - the first of many, we're hoping.
- **Sabbath Prayer** Jullianna Juliesse needs no introduction to our readers, who have basked in her insightful rhymes. Bask away.
- **Art!? Has Anyone Seen Art?!** After a too-long absence, DonJuan Writer takes a closer look at the creative process.
- **The Roundabout** Aorist Chunes sure is busy these days. The second installment of her fashion column takes on social structures.
- **She Rezzed #6** Wu brings us another tantalizing installment of her unique column, which we always look forward to.
- **La Belle au Bois Dormant** We are witnessing a fine poet become a brilliant one, right before our grateful eyes. Thanks Julie.
- **Rembrandt Meets Tutti** Art Blue takes a look at the Chelsea.

About the Cover: Melvynyeo captured this stunning gecko, which shows just how amazing these creatures are. But it isn't until you read *How the Gecko Died* in this month's issue that you begin to appreciate their surprisingly rich inner lives.



Iliana Cerise

You will be missed



AFTER DA LOUNG





AFTER DARK

— LOUNGE —

on Idle Rogue

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How the Gecko Died

© *Shyla the Super Gecko (KriJon Resident)*

This is how the Gecko died...
Wait, first you should know
the Gecko -
A misguided little creature of,
Some would say, minimal
significance.

It ran and scurried and frolicly
played
From a place of happiness -
Eating flies and spiders - any
bug that flew
Until its tummy was full and
pleased.

So the Gecko lived,
Happy and content,

Without much worry or
concern -
Though life was far from easy.

The Gecko believed in a
Power,
A great gift to offer the world -
Happiness, no matter what
hardship,
Fragility, Burden or Woe.

Everywhere the Gecko went it
Spread a message of joy,
peace
Of contentment, release.

Died

And so the Gecko, you see,
felt capable of these things.
It lifted the Gecko's spirit,
For what many did not know
Was the pain the Gecko felt

With each movement, slither
and suctioned toe.

The Gecko wasn't shy about
the life it had to live -

It never hid the hardship of
growing up an undesired
hatchling.

The Gecko hadn't always been
happy or glad or free

Of the feelings hatchlings feel
when no one sees them --

Protects them -
Nurtures them -
Comforts them.

Yes, for many years the Gecko
weighed heavily

What it did to push others
away -

Lashing out angrily at how
people would say

The Gecko wasn't right or
normal or okay.

Though all that be true, there
were these kind few

Who would befriend the
Gecko in its darkest days.

HOW THE GECKO DIED

They shared their own trials
and hardships -
Offered hope that someday
the Gecko might wake and
smile.

The Gecko would try to put
on a pleasing face,
To tell jokes and make others
believe the Gecko
Knew life was worthwhile -
Inside the Gecko did not
know this -
Not one bit -
Not one bit -
Not one at all.

One day the Gecko thought,
"Who would miss me at all?"

"Who would care or be
concerned should I never
come home?"

"Or slither hither or far?"

"Probably no one at all,"
thought the Gecko - "No one
at all."

Then the Gecko remembered
the kind ones,
The ones the Gecko promised
to try for -
So late into the night the
Gecko sought a way
To leave forever without them
knowing.

The Gecko considered an
accidental fall

Into the river, drowning
somewhere downstream,
But with those dang suction
feet
Who would ever believe?

The Gecko bought a rare
book,
Full of the ways and the means
to do the deed -
Studying it well the Gecko
came to see
There was nary a way to leave
and deceive.

But one day the Gecko saw a
path,

A way to go which would
cause no one to ask
Why or how or what could
have been done -
Just lay on the road in the sun!

What a pleasant way to go,
What a pleasant thing
indeed--
So first thing next morning the
Gecko ran through the grass
To find the first sun on that
fine roadway path.

The Gecko lay there for some
time-
Not as pleasant as it thought -
Warm sun felt good -
But the heart did not.

HOW THE GECKO DIED

But the Gecko stayed,
The feelings weren't much
worse -
The fear was strong -
But it would be quick, it
wouldn't hurt.

Finally the Gecko began to
feel a vibration,
Then a rumble and a very
strong fear-
Every instinct advised a quick
dart off the road -
But the Gecko laid still;
suctioned to the path -
Of Freedom from despair,
From pain,
From loveless hearts.

And it came, yes it CAME -
very quick, very quick!
The strangest noise it made -
A shriek so horrific that the
Gecko did run -
The car did swerve!

The Gecko was stunned as the
tire hit a nerve
And two feet and a tail as it
passed!
The Gecko laid there,
Still,
Very Still,
And part flat.

A crow flew up above -
Saw the Gecko below; eyes
open.

What the crow could not know
Is the Gecko was alive!

Very alive!
Albeit
Very still.

It could not seem to move,
Though the Gecko heard that
crow
Calling to other crows saying,
"Look! Dinner's here!"

It wanted to move,
To dart for the grass!
But the body would not
comply.
The crow swooped down and
began to peck -
Prod -
Toy -
Game.

Suddenly a breath; mighty
and firm
Filled the Gecko's lungs -
Moved blood where it could
and the Gecko's
Lightening front feet made a
dart for the weeds.

The crows followed but soon
had other concerns
As wrens and warblers took
aim
Due to their own nesting
feuds.
And the Gecko lay
Still,
Very still,
Again.

HOW THE GECKO DIED

Who knows how long the
Gecko laid there -
With back legs flat and
nothing left of its tail?
All anyone says is somehow,
some way
That Gecko crawled out one
day.

"What a mess!" they all said -
They were right, yes they
were -
The Gecko's dead feet were
rugged and flat -
With a bulbous black growth
throbbing on top.

It didn't get much better for a
while after that,
Teases and taunts -
Jests and jokes about
tongues -

But somewhere, somehow, the
Gecko's view changed.

And that is when the Gecko
found peace,
Happiness and good will -
Not a resentment toward
anyone.

The Gecko felt good; its heart
still.

So the Gecko started to share
This new view of life and folks -
"We're all on a journey,
"Even I with just two foot!"

And the people changed their
tune too -
"What a great Gecko," they
thought.

After all this hard life
He's so happy; why not us?

So they tried similar things -
Working hard for every one.
Who could let go?
Try to think only of what they
could do

For someone,
Anyone,
Anyone at all.

And so it grew and grew and
all would say
It was the Gecko who started it
in the
Gecko's own special way
when the
Gecko did lie on that fateful
roadway.

Some expounded and said
the Gecko died;
Some said the crows were ten
feet tall!
But the Gecko stayed calm
and peaceful -
Right-sized through it all.

Then, one day, a gecko
appeared from afar -
Similar challenges, similar fate
-
But still not happy,
Not free -
Carrying an unbearable
weight -
This gecko walked away from
its life.

HOW THE GECKO DIED

Maybe some place new -
Maybe different folks would
see -

This sad little gecko
Had something more to be.

But this sad gecko had
nothing good to say -
Not about life or about hope
And certainly not that happy
Gecko -
All that came forth was
disparaging.

The happy Gecko told its
truth,
Maintained its integrity -
It truly believed all were to be
happy -
And this new gecko, too,
would someday find its way

To eat -
Sleep -
Enjoy all life had to offer.

The Gecko thought and even
prayed
About what to do for this
young gecko stray -
It decided to pull back, give it
space -
But the unhappy sprite would
lure the happy Gecko back -

Would tell the happy Gecko it
lied -
They were not denying -
Attacking -
Arguing -
Debating -

But they were, the happy
Gecko thought -
Indeed they were.

A strange thing began to
happen to that happy Gecko -
It began to feel alone -
Bewildered -
Lost -

No one could see it
happening,
But the happy Gecko lost its
way.
That sad gecko would not let it
be -
Would not miss an chance to
defy.

Or claim defense from
happiness -
So one day that happy Gecko

Cried,
Packed,
And Left.

It went back to the road
To lay quite still -
Asking with the greatest of
humble calls
To become road kill.

And so it was the happy
Gecko passed -
So wanting to blame others -
That unhappy gecko foremost
-
But the Gecko knew what was
what.

A glitter of hope flickered
bright for a while -

HOW THE GECKO DIED

But reality set in and there
could be no more denial -
This road was never meant for
this Gecko from birth -
And that morning a tire took
him from earth.

Somehow they knew, each
and every one -
That Gecko knew better than
to lie in the sun
On a road,
On a highway
Or any such sort -
And the bowed -
Prayed -
Some even
Kicked stones -

'Cause it's never okay when a
Gecko leaves earth alone.

Never okay at all, not it's not -
But it happens you see -
Sometimes even after the
greatest miracles -
It happens.

There's no lesson here -
Nothing to be learned -
No moral, no message -
Just life undisturbed.

Crossing paths at
Just the right time -
And just the wrong -
Like everyday, everyday I've
known.

So if happiness comes your
way -
Let it be and enjoy -
If it doesn't -
You don't have to be brave.

We'll never know why lives
turn
Like the Gecko's for naught -
Then for all -
Then naught.
But I really liked the Gecko -
Such a lovely soul.

More tender than I could
know -
More tender than I could
know.

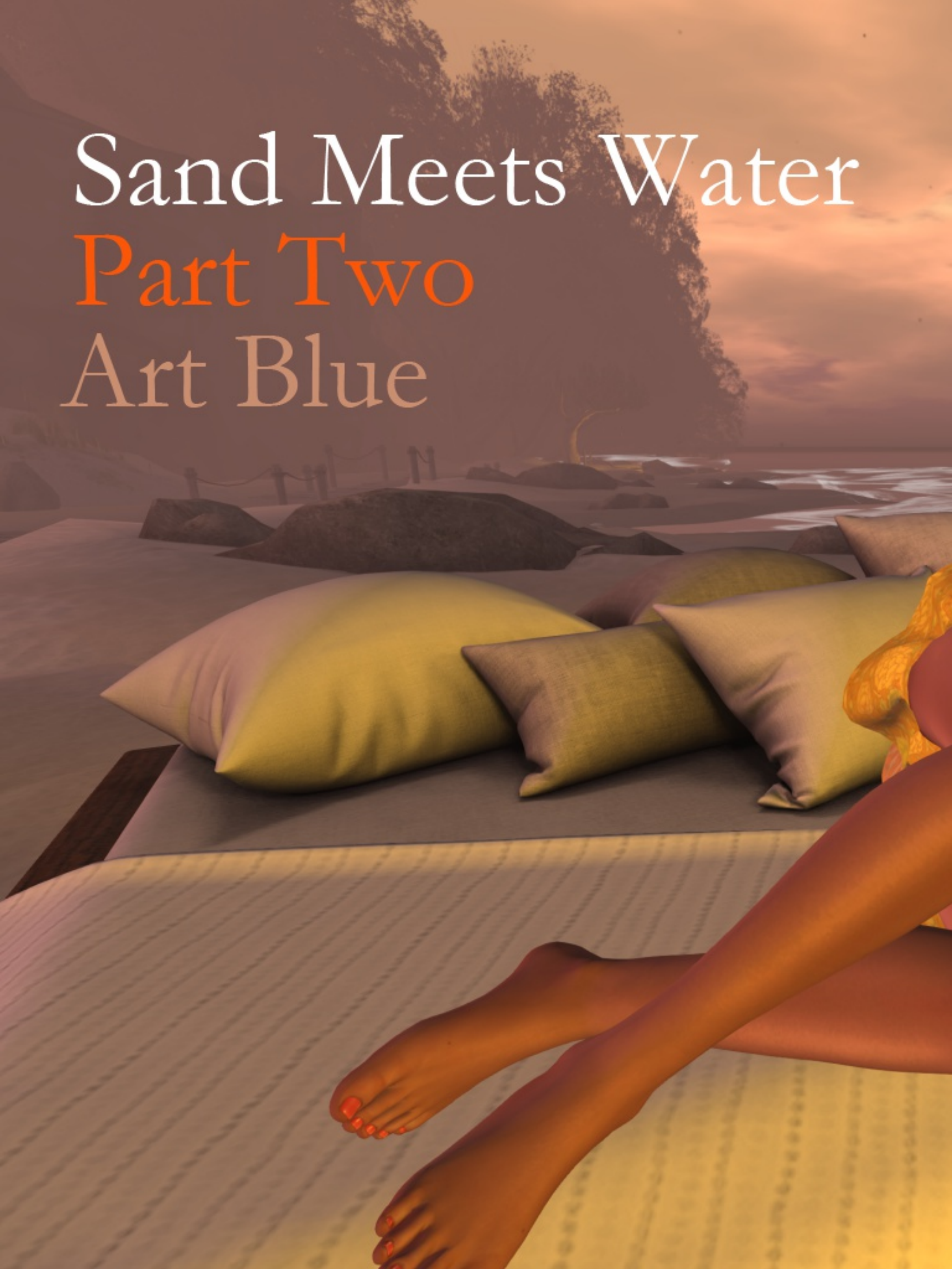


photography
jami mills

Sand Meets Water

Part Two

Art Blue





In Part 1 of *Sand Meets Water*, Art Blue introduced the Bing Man, a user who lost his Twitter account for 11 minutes on November 3, 2017. He was unable to *bing*, which became a Blue Screen situation for him. He states about himself, “When somebody says something about me, I am able to go *bing, bing, bing* and I take care of it.”

#realDonaldTrump

A similar effect happened inside the world of the service provider to the protagonist when he was about to transmit a YouTube video to the user that was far below the stated quality, which caused him a disorder symptom.

The Therapist

Now I am called in. I am a Tesla K850 CUDA and I have good insurance. The paper says that I can get therapy for up to 5,000,000 unscaled and not underclocked core cycles. I said I would do the math for you. After the load balance arguments (if you are in informatics) that you might have in your mind, it comes to about four years in your life. Do you have such health insurance when you head to your psychotherapist? I bet you don't. The therapist is quite happy about the possibilities my premium insurance offers, and says, “Let's use 2,000,000 cycles for a past life regression.”

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Damned fu*king shit. He must have access to the database at the Nvidia Headquarters in Onawero, where the NGA holds a replica of the files before the Blackout of 2022. I know the entry about the K850 in MariaDB. We, the K850 series, are all an up-patched K800; instead of the usual 24 TB, we got 28 TB. Who the heck knows what is inside the additional four Terrabyte, as there is no direct access for me. It runs over a stack, not the one you may know from Assembler; it is more like a moving Jacob's Ladder. He speaks of my roots, going back to the K80 model. He wants me to meet my ancestors, where such disorder symptoms were unknown. I say, "But a Blue Screen was at this time quite common. I do not see any point in going back. Let's instead look to the future."

I know that the model K1000 is on the horizon and that it can do magical things with the user. I add, "An upgrade would be nice" and wait. I mean, I waste a few thousand cycles as I have learned from the Sand Bible that sometimes patiently waiting is the only thing that works. Then I add, "If I get the stamp from you, the Not Sane one." He looks up.

"Not Sand, Not Sound you mean?" He knows the Sand Bible. I say, "I thought shrinks..." and yes these words slipped out of me, but it was too late to correct

and my heart made a spin. Yes, we have such a thing, but let me stay on track, so I said, "I thought you don't believe in religion?"

The shrink nodded and said, "Indeed, we don't do belief, as a belief means to be uncertain." I need some time, some cycles. When I look back, I don't think it was a waste based on the insights I gained at that moment. The therapist said that there would be "warm-up" included. Whatever he meant by this I did not grab in this moment. I transferred 1,000,000 core-cycles to him as an upfront payment. Then the words spoken in the Bible, when the author enters the bureau, became visual in my mind.

SAS

I am about to enter the bureau on a mission for the sane and sound. It is a delicate mission. I want the stamp, but I don't want to use it. I want to wait until I need to use it. In fact, I don't give a damn fu*king shit about the stamp, but it is the best insurance I can have, not to get the stamp "Sane and Sound." If I do, then everything I do will have no consequence. To have the stamp "Not Sane And Sound," the other stamp, takes the believe attribute off, so all my doings, my writings, get classified as fiction, as fantasy, as something that is just born in my not sane mind, so it will not be considered

a valid reality.

By reading these lines, you might think of a split brain when you are in computing or you will recall my words of Whorfianism when you are in languages. Are worlds when we create them connected strongly or weakly? Do we find the right words for an understanding, a strong or a weak version? You are in medicine? Then both ways of looking will hit you as the modern understanding of our world is based on understanding the human mind and body. When two worlds or regions in a world are working together but are not well connected, then split avatars step in to create bridges, to stabilize the world. The most famous of them might be Ezra Leu, a gallerist from Geneva, but this is spared for another story.

Let me compare the lines I found about split-brain in Wikipedia:

Medicine: “Split-brain is a lay term to describe the result when the corpus callosum connecting the two hemispheres of the brain is severed to some degree. It is an association of symptoms produced by disruption of or interference with the connection between the hemispheres of the brain.”

Computing: “Split-brain is a computer term, based on an analogy with the medical Split-brain syndrome. It

indicates data or availability inconsistencies originating from the maintenance of two separate data sets with overlap in scope, either because of servers in a network design, or a failure condition based on servers not communicating and synchronizing their data to each other.”

It would be too much to tell you all the concepts found in this world, the world of informatics. You can't get it all now and stay sane and sound.

Don't worry if you can't follow all my lines right now. In time you will get the tunes. Show mercy, as there are readers who crave for a sparkle in their split brains. In other words, they crave for a data failure ... and of course the knowledge of how to handle it.

On a pessimistic approach to a data failure, sacrificing the availability of data in exchange for consistency, the struggle happens within the Galera replication in MariaDB. So at the end, we leave it all to the machine what happens with data that our lives depend on. I am specialized in configuring the MariaDB that the NGA is using. Can data in distributed systems be consistent and available at the same time? Not being in computing, you may not be able to follow right now what this all implies, so I will give a picture that will make you smile.



Once in the jungle I met an Aborigine and explained to him an escalator. He did not understand what I said. Finally he understood it as a moving ladder. Someone pulls and pushes the ladder and he has to climb up and down until he reaches the Gods. I made a mistake and said that an escalator would bring him higher than the highest tree in the jungle. He got so scared that I needed to call an ambulance.

You have some advantage when I speak of a teleporter because with a teleporter you won't ever need to call for a medic. You know that this is reality. You have done it a dozen times, stepping on the TP platform, choosing a destination. Then, depending on the particle effects, you get off with a little show, some light beams circulating around making you look great or – if

you are a purist and want just the technology and no gimmick then - getting just the dialog: teleporting, contacting new region, downloading. As a woman or as a man giving company to one, you know the impact well, when the dialog shows: “clothes still downloading.” That is horrible to see what happens when women have no clothes on or the clothing hang in the air until they properly attach. You need an earplug. Her screams shake the server.

Ever heard of Jellydolls? Don't mind. I am the inventor of them. The dot com domain was named to honor me. You cough? You heard a different story? Truth is, they did not want to pay me so they gave me the domain and an avatar of this name.

For my career,” they said, and pointed to the entrance hall where an exhibition, actually more a competition, was on display for artists to design a statue for the institute. They would have loved it if I had left the agency, went to the arts and became a Jellydolls maker. I had one of the old contracts, so they had to pay me until the end; they could not fire me. My contract was not like all the new contractors who depended on the mercy of the director, but in fact they depended on the mercy of the central AI, as the director himself depended on Artificial Intelligence.

I was lucky that a student stepped in and took over the Jellydolls avatar.

This way I could promote the artform and bring it to some glory. As you surely know, a life without Jellydolls, technology or artform, no matter how you see it would have an impact; an impact was a fact.

Even when the settings are on “No render limit,” the eye is faster as any TP re-rezzer, so Jelldolls have a complex appearance; they exist even in the latest 9000 Ganymede server. I see a new cult on the horizon when the new 9004 engines will be released; then a hunt on Jellydolls will become vogue.

“I have seen one of the Jellydolls, just briefly,” the hunters will exclaim, and



the reply will be, “Really? It is said this brings good luck. Could you capture it?” Then the other person will look down, saying with a sad voice, “I was too slow.”

I think about something for kids to invent, a range scanner around the TP platforms, so kids get a bigger chance for big eyes and jumping for joy, “I got a Jellydolls on my Androgo, see mum, see?”

And mum will say, “I am so proud of you.”

I hear the words, “I am so proud of you.” My therapist says them and I ask, “Is silence my enemy?” Like an answer that it is all true in the Sand Bible, I hear the song by Neurotic Fish: *Silence is my Enemy*.

<https://youtu.be/Ywfs07VFdpM>

... to be continued

. r — e — z .



Peeps for Leep

Cat Boccaccio



My name is Leep. At school I was called, inevitably, Leep the Creep. It affected me, I can't pretend it didn't.

So it was as Leep the Creep that I put on my ski jacket and went out to mug someone for beer money. I drank Budweiser, which I know is terrible beer, but it was cheap and most of the guys at the club drank it. Leep the Sheep. I admit I sometimes do things to be a part of the gang. I'm weak that way. And yeah, I am saving some money for a vacation. That's why they sometimes call me Cheapo Leepo.

I couldn't touch my vacation fund, which sat in a Seville orange marmalade jar on my bedside table. It was up to one hundred and seventy-seven dollars. I could have dipped into it for beer money, but I made a vow to save for the camp. This was one vow I meant to keep. Leep keeps. Leep's deep.

It wasn't just the paintball, though I longed to play. At the vacation camp they also had wilderness mud rides, down steep slopes, in a Jeep. Leep in a Jeep going Steep. I heard too they had girls at the camp who liked people like me, shy ones who were also pretty interesting. Peeps for Leep.

So I had to get beer money, without spoiling my plans for camp. My future

family depended on it. As in, if I didn't go I wouldn't meet the girl, the mother of my future children. See, that was really two vows I meant to keep. The one to my future bride, too. I'm shy, and pretty interesting, and loyal. Just what the girls at the vacation camp are looking for. Or so I heard.

My gun was on the bedside table beside the marmalade jar with the one hundred and seventy-seven dollars. It was a deterrent, should anyone have the idea of breaking in and stealing it. I would use the gun to prevent them from stealing. Or maybe I wouldn't use it, but they wouldn't know that. Peeps needed to think that you couldn't walk all over Leep, because he has a gun which might be loaded.

So what makes me pretty interesting? A good question. Well, I mug people, just for small amounts of money, or whatever they have on them. Even ten bucks is ok. My most successful mugging earned me almost two hundred dollars. I kind of wasted it. I bought a digital watch and forty bags of pork rinds. They were kind of a guilty pleasure, at the time. Don't like them much, now. They were on sale so I stocked up. Cheapo Leepo strikes again.

I also write children's books. One might be published. Anyway they are for children ages three to five. My

publisher said I needed to establish a niche. Not really my publisher, but a publisher who gave me some advice, and if they publish the next one, he will be my publisher. The newest one is called The Joy of Toy. Or The Joys of Toys. I put some illustrations with it, but noted that they didn't have to use my pictures. I'm not a professional artist. This last book was a departure, since it was so generic. Usually my books are more personal, like about people. One was about a boy who wanted a bicycle, that kind of thing.

But that is interesting, right? An author of books?

My job isn't that interesting, so I wouldn't mention that right away. Doesn't pay that well either, which is why I was always looking for ways to earn a bit more cash. But work had a good employees' club, nothing fancy, but where I hung out with the gang. Some of the guys are married. Their wives come pick them up at six o'clock. One of the guys, Vincent, met his wife at the vacation camp.

It was a black ski jacket that I put on as Leep the Creep, and I put the hood up to perform a mugging. My face would be in shadow. No one has ever identified me, at least I've never been caught. I have one of those everyday faces. Nondescript.

People were always taking short cuts, even late at night, so it was easy to find someone walking alone, off the main streets. It was surprising how careless people were, really.

So I walked around for awhile, just getting some fresh air, when I saw this guy walking alone, down a side street full of shops that were closed. He was no bigger than me, and kind of skinny.

I said, "Give me your money. I have a gun." My usual script.

This guy looked up into my face. I backed away into the shadow, but he saw me, and I saw him. It was Vincent.

He reached into his leather jacket and pulled something out. I was afraid it might be a weapon so put my hand on the gun in my pocket, just in case. It wasn't a gun or a knife. It was a jar, my jar.

"This all you got?" Vincent asked me.

I shot him in the face. I didn't want to, but he could have identified me in a court of law.

• r — e — z •

Fracas

Expletives rip
Chimeric skin
Softened by
Solicitous chat
Revealing enormous
Phlegmatic dreams.

Saddened forests
Of manipulation
The Abyss
Repulsed hope
Plowed under
Trudging forward.

Light rays
Cut through
Heaving lather
Purple sweat
Prose foment
Inky spray.



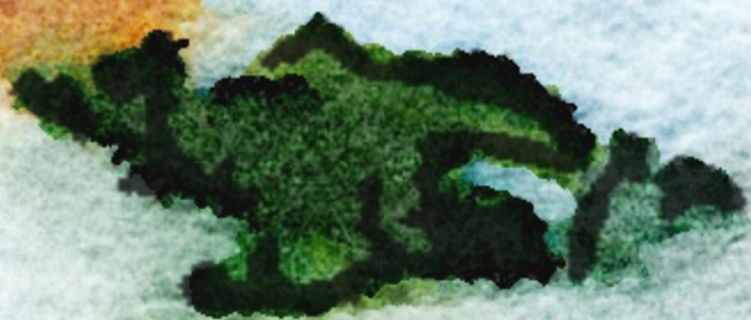
Aorist Chunes



Verbal ahimsa
Anathema now
Raging insalivation
Poisons prospect
Ampliform meaning
Desiccating ground.

Copper skies
Denote ill-fated
Tenuous hums
Ostracized echoes
None resolute
Mollify sense.

Bewildered erratic
Hysterical isolation
Absent paltry
Processed thought
Abridged to
Shivering silence.



Sabbath Prayer

By Jullianna Juliesse

“Days pass, years vanish. And we walk sightless among miracles.”

The clothes dryer steam melts the ice on the deck—
Windy wafts of snow blow from the neighbor’s roof,
Swirling, a misty cascade through the knotted threads of trees
Towering toward the vast midwestern sky.

The orange cat curls on the table beside me while I write.
He knows he shouldn’t but does so anyway.
He tries to drink my tea.

I am me, I am me . . .

I sleep, I dream—
Disjointed snapshots from long days,
And of those long past.
Each equal in their immediacy.

What does any of this matter?

I feel it lately, this passage of time.
I wait for those moments,

Art!? Ha

Art is what happens
when you finally transcend
the bullshit that kept you from doing art.

But

It is a precarious place.

Because bullshit is in constant supply
And the art market runs dry of demand.

Art is obvious.

It arrests
and invents a new legitimacy

Art

would be so easy
if it was propaganda for the contemptuous
or a cry for help.

Art is love in all its dimensions

It is the steady eye aboard the still mind.

It is the understanding
That the bullshit had us waiting for.

Art is true

And if you need a definition for "true"
You are not an artist

Art is turning the ship around.

Don't drown.



s Anyone Seen Art?!

DonJuan Writer



photo by oO-Rein-Oo

R o u n d

a o r i s t c h u n e s

a b o u t

Families, Feudalism, and Free Markets in SL



image by Daiapaia75

As longtime residents of Second Life know all too well, denoting SL as a “game” is somewhat problematic: how can it be a game if it has no goal? Oldbies (like myself) usually take the moral high road and reply...”SL is not a game! It is a life lived in a virtual world.” This installment of the Roundabout seeks to explore how people living life in a virtual world organize themselves socially and how that organization impacts SL fashion.

People are social creatures seemingly by hardwiring. There are exceptions to this idea but for the most part people thrive, grow, and learn through social interactions with each other. SL is no exception. The people at Linden Labs seemed to anticipate the need for a preexisting social structure when they designed SL. Long before every new account created became a “Resident,” we were allowed to choose from a list of family names. In a sense, I already had a family even as my avatar “ruthed” into existence on the SL grid. The Chunes clan had a bouncing full-grown baby girl added to their family as I made choices as to how I would appear to others in SL. I half expected to be greeted and whisked off to the family homestead somewhere on the mainland. Alas, I have met very few Chunes over the years and know of none in SL fashion other than myself.

Does that mean that the idea of family in SL was a failure? It was not so in my experience. Just days into my SL I was drawn into a family but not one connected to my family name. Instead, I was drawn into “la familia” for protection. My early experiences of SL were filled with being attacked and scammed. There were push weapons, tools to disconnect other individuals from the grid, and means to suspend individuals in a sort of purgatory of grayness where they were unable to rez onto the grid or interact with others. I was offered the protection of a family in exchange for my service as a slave to the heads of the family. In short, it was initiated into a mafia. What services I was required to give in exchange for not being attacked by grievers were not pleasant but also not frequent. I am sure if you ask other old-time citizens of SL they too can tell you of the mafias and how they ruled SL in the early days.

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Slowly, SL changed as did its social organization. The time of mafias gave way to builders and land speculation. It

became the era of the master builders and land barons. I like to think of the time of the builders as the original explosion of creativity which still drives much of SL. At the apex were quite a number of “master builders” who took the use of prims, sculptyies, and textures in new and unexpected directions. Yet, there was a surprising low degree of monetization of items during this period. Often, builders shared their creations freely or engaged in “custom” work for no cost. Many of these builders did pass on their knowledge to apprentices but in my view it was fairly egalitarian process and social structure. Clans of builders were common and fluid.

Seeing SL as a creative venue was countered by the land speculators and barons. Most are familiar with the great sums of RL money that was made by some who bought land at low prices and sold it at much higher

amilia” for protection.
s of SL were filled with
and scammed.

prices. Rumors of RL millions of RL dollars being made by a few savvy speculators have circulated in SL for

many years. With monetization came a shift in social ethos as well. An emphasis on creation shifted toward consumption of expertly produced goods. Instead of vast and spectacular landscapes, expansive shopping areas were built. The policies about land purchases was changed by Linden Labs as well. Eventually, SL Marketplace became central to consumption of citizen produced goods as have “events” for all sorts of specialized SL consumer goods.

So, what does all of this history of SL have to with SL fashion? Fashion is after all a social construct. What fashion is popular is the result of interactions between people. Consumption is often driven by what one individual sees others wearing. Designers often are equally influenced by the designs and success of other designers. Fashion seldom happens in a social void. Creativity and product in SL fashion have a very definite social framework in which to grow. If one takes a step back and looks at fashion in SL at any one given point in time, there is a surprising uniformity. Given the diversity and creative history of SL this seems surprising. Despite the advances of textures, mesh, and bento styles of clothing and accessories are fairly uniform across design houses and designers. Has the evolving social framework of SL contributed to this in some way?

I admit that I sometimes think of the early days of SL with a sense of positive nostalgia. Just about everything we now buy in SL was freely given among residents. Were there perils and dangers back then? Definitely. Yet, it was a virtual world that was different enough from our “normal” RL that it had something of an idealistic utopian appeal to it. There was a joy in giving and receiving things that were created. SL residents often shared tips and insights about how to look better or create something to wear that was more realistic at no cost. It is true everyone in SL pretty much looked alike. If you have ever been to a rez day party of someone over 10 years old, you have probably cringed at what we all looked like back then. We were all giants with terrible hair and ill-fitting system clothing. There were few to no fashionistas. Your wardrobe may have come from the direction of your family leaders. I suppose each family had their own fashion guidelines. It never occurred to me to inquire.

An ambition to become a builder or a baron has always been secreted away inside of me. Yet, neither a seller nor a creator in the traditional SL sense am I. Instead, I have always been a good and grateful consumer. Observing and following fashion forward individuals has become my niche in SL. I suppose if I were to consider myself an artist

(which I do not), I would say my avatar is my palette. The degree to which I am successful in that area has yet to be seen. There are many measures of success in SL fashion and modeling SL fashion.

In conclusion, let me try to summarize what I see as the connection between social structure and SL fashion. First, both fashion and the social structure of SL are constantly moving. Being alive is about change. That is true for both people and institutions. Second, even though social structures may seem relatively transparent, they nonetheless frame our interactions and choices. It might be you do not think much about how people organize themselves in SL. It might be even more far removed from you to ponder how consumer goods are created to fit within such a social frame. Nonetheless, there is a definite intersection between social organization and fashion. Finally, it is important to see that both SL social structure and SL fashion are arranged hierarchically. There are heads of social groups as well as design houses and fashion production in SL. It has been such from the earliest days of SL and it continues. In the free-market we call SL there are structural and social hegemonies that create the fashions we consume. We think of ourselves as unique individuals making and expressing our unique choices. Such ideas bring us joy and a sense of



image by sarahjunexxx

freedom. Yet, we must also be aware that many of our choices and decisions are dictated by a small group of people who guide the juggernaut we know as SL fashion.

What do you think? I am Aorist

Chunes and this has been the roundabout SL fashion and social organization.

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She Rezzed #6

Wu



photo by lostheart

Together, they fled to the outer lands, the creative frontier, holding hands, giggling all the way.

A declaration of expulsion arrived from her former master. Quickly, she was outcast from eight groups, then unfriended by dozens over the following week. There were scattered attempts to recruit her to other families, but she ignored them. And soon, those friends also abandoned her. She was free.

She and the girl made love constantly. With open hearts, emotes flowed slippery wet, pumping an erotic wave they rode as one. When she was not logged in, she longed to be with the girl. And when she was, it was difficult to break. But soon, they settled into an easy groove, their natural rhythm. The girl introduced her to new sims, clubs, music. Everywhere they visited, she found friends who wished her well without calculation. The girl was full of love for her. She felt the same, overflowing. Between them there was no doubt, no fear.

One evening, they floated in a leaf boat upon a river of iridescent cream, cuddling on red velvet cushions under a spray of stars. Moonlight cast shadows of tree boughs upon the riverbed. Dark gnarled branches sprouted magenta-topped leaves with soft blue underbellies that glowed overhead. Scattered ground cover graced either bank, accented by tiny mushrooms oozing pastel spores. Wild eyes tracked them from forest depths. Strange creatures slipped in and out of the scene. Fireflies drifted by upon a warm breeze. Little fish leapt, soft splashes echoed. And as always, there was music, ever fresh, yet familiar.

They shared stories, hopes, and dreams, passing them like the sweet bits of fruit they dipped into the river, then gently fed each other, melting delight upon parted lips and flicking tongues. They were complete, a world of two, yet something finer. The girl suggested they become partners, and she agreed without hesitation. Her home was with the girl, together as one, a grateful joy. She purred, the girl smiled.

They built a cabin on a meadow overlooking mainland coast, a sailboat anchored off a jetty, an array of themed skyboxes far above. The girl was a photographer, and creator of rich textures. Her clients designed clothes, landscapes, buildings, furniture. Musicians, DJs, and many artists of varied skill and experience moved through their world. She weaved stories with new friends, who showered her with kindness and gifts. It was a thrill to rez. Her hours expanded. Life was pure pleasure.

Soon, she changed her skin and shape, her hair, eyes, clothes, and style. The girl shot many portraits. She accepted the girl's family name, created a new profile, and became more at ease, herself. And of course, the girl approved, jesting she was silly for waiting so long. They laughed, and hugged about it.

One night, they climbed into bed, snuggled, and logged together. The next day, the girl did not return, nor the next. The week passed, another started. Emails went unanswered. She began to panic.

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TERPSICORPS ARTWERKS



La Belle au Bois Dormant

No man ever kissed me into life.

I awoke.

Clawed up, from under the pink briar roses—

After what felt like a hundred years
Of over-salted stilted holiday meals,
Boiled white potatoes and beans,
Soggy cod in clotted cream.

Your barbs still stick in my flesh,
Passive words of aggressive
indifference,
Served over stale ginger Swedish
cookies and tea.

Lost in a bland suburban day dream,
Stuffed head-first in a crystal coffin.

You never knew my eyes were never
shut.

But I heard everything, I saw it all.
I could not speak,

Gagged, scratching these words on
the damp glass.

Your needs, your needs,
Oh, all of your needs, scraping at
me.
Mother, child, spouse.

I bleached my house.
I made it all clean.
I made my hands bleed.

I watched the hot sun,
The cold stars, the knowing moon,
They told me to keep going.

*Beauty, it will all be over soon.
The jealous fairy's curse will be
broken.*

*You will, you will awaken.
You will be loved.*

nt



by Jullianna Juliesse

Rembrandt Meet 1BiEN



By Art Blue

s Tutti NNALE



The New York Times

“As close to real life as I could make it,” Michael Brown says of the Chelsea Hotel in Second Life.

When in 2009 Michael Brown, an internet technology support manager and singer-songwriter, made a replica of the Hotel Chelsea in Second Life, he got some notice for doing so in the *New York Times*.

Some may remember that after Stanley Bard, the beloved long-time manager of The Chelsea, was replaced by a corporate management team, the rents rose, artists left. The *New York Times* wrote: "Those who managed to stay were confronted by a battery of disturbing changes: The pigeonhole mailboxes behind the front desk were removed, and Bob Dylan's old room underwent renovations. But now, thanks to Second Life, a 3-D virtual world on the Internet, the hotel's spirit

lives on."

Ed Hamilton, a resident of the hotel who runs chelseahotelblog.com, reported after seeing the former reality rebuilt, "The old mailboxes are still here, and Mr. Bard is firmly installed behind his desk."

Now an uprising talent, SHTutti (SecondHandTutti Resident), made it in the news. She shows her work #19 *Sweet & Sour* in the lobby of The Chelsea and in parallel, she brought her ideas in to 1Biennale as an early mover. Being early is good, so her artist cube is now in Bryn Oh's Pavilion, fiercely protected by three long-legged Maskits. Are there links of SHTutti's style (her friends call her just



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Fictive museums

Global cooperation

Prague museums

Remembering Nat Tate

"High Culture"

Page 30-38

Human remains

New museums

Migration à la Suisse

Laser cleaning

Indumap and much more...



“Fictive museums.”
<http://fm.2rez.com>

Bryn Oh has started to create a bronze sculpture as a trophy that will be given as an award for the 1st Digital Biennale winner. My vote goes right now to Tutti, but I have no say - - it will be a public vote. So join 1Biennale as an artist right now and later as a voting visitor.

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Tutti) to other expressions in the arts? I see Niki de Saint Phalle. Niki created in 1972 an installation called *Golem* for a kindergarden in Jerusalem. A giant monster with three red tongues protruding from its mouth, which serve as playground slides. Also. James Rizzi with his 3D paper sculptures shall fit. One of Tutti's work is a reference to him: Tutti's street in Rizzi land. She gave me a mockup out of which she might create a piece of art. Playful, easy going and full of colors, making the visitor smile; not often to be seen in the arts these days.

I did not expect that Tutti would make it to ExpoTime!, the leading magazine in the museal world (243,000 subscribers), so fast, but she made it, together with Rembrandt.

You wonder on Rembrandt? Don't wonder. Here is the shortlink which brings you to ExpoTime! 1-2018



Friday

Tonight's Theme:

?

with
DJ Gray
and Jami

Night

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